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NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

DEALINGS WITH THE FIRM OF

DOMBEY AND SON. WHOLESALE, RETAIL AND FOR EXPORTATION. BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Opening of the Eyes of Mrs. Chick.

Miss Tox, all unconscious of any such rare appearance in connexion with Mr. Dombey's house,
as scalloidings and ladders, and men with their heads tied up in pocket-handkerchiefs, glaring in at the windows like flying genii or strange birds— having breakfasted one morning at about this eventforms or the state of the state behalf of the teapot—a flight of fancy in which good housekeepers delight: went up stairs to act forth the bird waitz on the harpsichord, to water and arrange the plants to dust the nick nacks and a cording to her daily custom, to make her little drawing room the garland of Princess's Place.

drawing room the garman of the pair of ancient gloves, like dead leaves, in which she was accustomed to perform these avocations—hidden from human sight at other times in a table drawer—and went methodically to work; beginning with the bird waitz; passing, by a natural association of ideas, to her bird—a very high-shouldered canary, stricken in years, and much rampled but a piercing singer, as Princess's Place well knew; taking, next in order, the little china ornaments, paper fly-dages, and so forth; and coming round, in good time, to the plants, which generally required to be suipped here and there with a pair of scirsors, for some botanical reason that was very powe, ful with Miss Tox.

Jug. and happening to look up when an account so, was so surprised by the amount of expression was so surprised by the amount of expression was so surprised by the amount of expression was so surprised by the amount of e Miss Tox was slow in coming to the plants this plied Miss Tox

Miss Tox was slow in coming to the plants this morning. The weather was warm, the wind southerly; and there was a sigh of the Summer time in Princess's Place, that turned Miss Tox's thoughts apon the country. The pot-boy attached to the Princess's Arms had come out with a can and trickled water, in as flowing pattern, all over Princess's Place, and it gave the weedy ground a fresh scent—quite a growing scent, Miss Tox said—There was a tiny blink of sun peeping in from the great street round the corner, and the smoky sparnows hopped over it and back again, brightening as they passed, or bathed in it, like a stream, and better the intimacy that has subsisted between us, and which I very much hope, Lucretia—confident by hope—nothing will occur to disturb. Because, why should I do anything else? There is no reason why I assure you.

"Oh! to we can the same, my such in a subsisted between us, and which I very much hope, Lucretia—confident by hope—nothing will occur to disturb. Because, why should I do anything else? There is no reason why I assure you.

"Oh! to we can the same period of the fault of course is mine. There is, perhaps, no reason why I should express myself at all, except the intimacy that has subsisted between us, and which I very much hope, Lucretia—confident by hope—nothing will occur to disturb. Because, why should I do anything else? There is no reason why I should express myself at all, except the intimacy that has subsisted between us, and which I very much hope, Lucretia—confident by hope—nothing will occur to disturb. Because, why should I do anything else? There is no reason why I assure you."

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"Oh! to we can the same of the country of the fault of course, and which I very much hope. Lucretia—confident by hope—nothing will occur to disturb. Because, why should be abaurd. But I wish t to that remark. I must beg to say that it was not intended to relate to Florence, in any way.

"Indeed!" returned Miss Tox.

"No," said Mrs. Chick, shortly and decisively.

"Pardon me, my dear," rejoined her meek friends; were conspicuous in the window of the Princess's Arms. They were making late hay, some where out of town, and though the fragrance had a long way to come, and many counter fragrances to contend with among the dwellings of the poor imay God reward the worthy gentlemen who stickle for the Plague as part and parcel of the wisdom of our ancestors, and do their little best to keep those dwellings miserable!) yet it was waited to that remark. I must beg to say that it was not intended to relate to Florence, in any way.

"Indeed!" returned Miss Tox.

"No," said Mrs. Chick, shortly and decisively.

"Pardon me, my dear," rejoined her meek friend; "but I cannot have understood it. I fear I am dill."

Mrs. Chick looked round the room, and over the way; at the plants, at the bird, at the watering-pot, at almost everything in view, except Miss Tox, and finally dropping her glance upon Miss Tox.

Tox. for a moment, on its way to the ground, said, looking meanwhile with clevated eyebrows at the carpet:

"When I speak, Lucretia, of her being worthy those dwellings miserable!) yet it was wafted those dwellings miserable!) yet it was wafted of the name, I speak, Lucretia, of her being worthy of the name, I speak of my brother Pan's second nity faintly into Princess's Place, whispering of Nature of the name, I speak of my brother Pan's second nity.

I believe I have already said, in effect, if not treating the second nity. sate prisoners and captives, and these who are de-

sake and oppressed, in very spite of Aldermen and Knights to boot; at whose sage nod—and how they nod—the rolling world stands still!

Miss Tox set down upon the window seat, and thought of her good papa deceased—Mr. Tox of the Customs Department of the public service; and of the childhood passed at a sequent among a con-Miss Tox set down upon the window seat, and thought of her good papa deceased—Mr. Tox, of the Customs Department of the public service, and of her childhood, passed at a scaport, among a considerable quantity of cold tar, and some rusticity—She fell into a softened remembrance of meadows, in old time, gleaming with buttercups, like so many inverted firmaments of golden stars; and how she had made chains of dandelion stalks for youthful yowers of eternal constancy, dressed chiefly in nanken; and how soon those fetters had withered and broken.

Sitting on the window seat, and looking out upon the sparrows and the blinkof sun. Miss Tox thought likewise of her good mammadeceased—sister to the winer of the powdered head and pigtail—of her vireower of the powdered head and pigtail—of her vireower.

With as little favor as a barber working at so many paper heads of hair.

Whether she will be fully sensible of the distinction conferred upon her, "said Mrs Chick, in a left tone, "is quite another question. I hope she may be. We are bound to think well of one another in this world, and I hope she may be. I have not been advised with myself. If I had been advised with, I have no doubt my advice would have been cavalierly received, and therefore it is infinitely better as it is."

Miss Tox, with the favor as a barber working at so many paper heads of hair.

"Whether she will be fully sensible of the distinction conferred upon her," said Mrs Chick, in a left tone, "is quite another question. I hope she may be. We are bound to think well of one another in this world, and I hope she may be. I have not been advised with myself. If I had been advised with, I have no doubt my advice would have been cavalierly received, and therefore it is infinitely better as it is."

Miss Tox, with head bent down still clipped among the plants. Mrs. Chick, with energetic shakings of her own head from time to time, continued to hold forth, as in definition.

Miss Tox with the fully sensible of the distinction conferred upon her," said Mrs. Chick

and dandelion fetters? Was he more cheerful? thought Miss Tox. Was he reconciled to the de-cress of fate? Would he every marry again and

ress of fate? Would be every marry again, and if yes, whom? What sort of person now!

A flush—it was warm weather—overspread Miss.

Tox's face, as, while entertaining these meditations, she rurned her head, and was surprised by the chim. tions, she turned her head, and was surprised by the reflection of her thoughtful image in the chim-ney-glass. Another flush succeeded when she saw a little carriage drive into Princess's Place, and Miss Tox arose.

nick entered the room.
"How is my sweetest friend?" exclaimed Miss

Thank you, Lucretia," said Mrs. Chick, "I expectit." have. I took an early breakfast —the good lady seemed curious on the subject of Princess's Place, and looked all round it as she spoke. "with my ther, who has come home."

"He is greatly better, thank you. Hem!"
"My dear Louisa must be careful of that cough."

marked Miss Tox

to all sorts of unexpected things continually." her he "My Louisa." said the mild Miss Tox, "is ever chair:

happy in her illustrations."

You are so kind, Lucretia, returned Mrs. Chick, a little softened, "as to say so, and to think a I believe. I hope neither of us may ever have may cause to lessen our opinion of the other, Lu-

"I am sure of it," returned Miss Tox.

Mr. Chick coughed as before, and drew lines on the carpet with the ivory end of her parasol. Miss Tax who had experience of her fair friend, and or rezation she was prone to a discursive kind of intability, availed herself of the pause, to change

but have I caught sight of the manly form of Mr. the

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"Florence has returned home also," said Mrs. Chick, after sitting silent for some time, with her head on one side, and her parasol sketching on the floor: "and really Florence is a great deal too old now, to continue to lead that solitary life to which she has been accustomed. Of course she is. There can be no doubt about it. I should have very little disconcerted face, while that poor lady trickled slowly down upon him the very last sprinklings of

"If she's a strange girl," said Mrs. Chick, "and if my brother Paul cannot feel perfectly comfortable in her society, after all the sad things that have happened, and all the terrible disappointments that have been undergone, then, what is the reply! But none of that gentle concern which character have been undergone, then, what is the reply! That he must make an effort. That he is bound to make an effort. We have always been a family remarkable for effort. Paul is at the head of the family always always the proposition of the family and the said and withdraw and the exile promptly obeying, she applied herself to promote Miss Tox's recovery.

But none of that gentle concern which character is the daughters of five in their tending each other, none of that freemasonry in fainting by which they are generally bound together in a mysterious bond of sisterhood, was visible in Mrs.

remarkable for effort. Paul is at the head of the family; almost the only representative of it leftfor what am !! I am of no consequence—
"My dearest love," remonstrated Miss Tox.

Mrs. Chick dried her eyes, which were, for the moment, overflowing, and proceeded:

"And consequently he is more than ever bound to make an effort. And though his having done so, comes upon me with a sort of shock—for mine is a very weak and foolish nature; which is anything but op a blessing I am sure; I often wish my heart was a marble slab, or a paving stone—"

"My sweet Louisa," remonstrated Miss Tox.

Still, it is a triumph to me to know that he is so true to himself, and to his name of Dombey , al-though, of course, I always knew he would be. I only hope," said Mrs. Chick, after a pause, "that she may be worthy of the name too."

Miss Toy filled a little of the name too."

"I am foolish to give

Miss Tox filled a little green watering pot from a Miss Tox hiled a little green watering pot from a jug. and happening to look up when she had done loves, like dend leaves, in which she was accussomed to perform these avocations—hidden from uman sight at other times in a table drawer—and vent methodically to work; beginning with the

e de in the very words I now use, that it is his inten-and tion to marry a second wife."

Miss Tox left her seat in a hurry, and returned to

taes and her recomplished when a man with bulgy legs, and a rough voice, and a heavy basket on his head that crushed his hat into a mere black muffin, came crying flowers down Princess's Place, making his timid little roots of dasies shudder in the vibration of every yell he gave, as though he had been an ogre, hawking little children. Sammer recollections were so strong upon Miss Tox. that she shook her head, and murmured she would be comparatively old before she knew it—which seemed likely.

In her pensive mood, Miss Tox's thoughts went wandering on Mr. Dombey's track, probably because the Major had returned home to his lodgings opposite, and had just bowed to her from his window. What other reason could Miss Tox have for for connecting Mr. Dombey with her Summer days and dandelion fetters! Was he more cheeful?

There is nobody in the collarity of that no more now, and this is a circumstance which I regard as a relief from responsibility," said Mrs. Chick, hys. terically, "for I thank Heaven I am not jealous—"here Mrs. Chick again shed tears: "if my brother Paul had come to mo, and had said, 'Louisa, what kind of qualities would you advise me to look out for in a wife! I should certainly have answered, "Paul, you must have family, you must have beauty, you must have connexion." Those are the words I should have used. You might have led me to the block immediately afterward, said Mrs. Chick, as if that consequence where had not murmured she would be cause the Major had returned home to his lodgings opposite, and had just bowed to her from his window. What other reason could Miss Tox have for for connecting Mr. Dombey with her Summer days and dandelion fetters! Was he more cheeful? You to marry without dignity! You t You to marry without dignity! Yo

entertain such a preposterous idea."

Miss Tox stopped clipping; and with her head among the plants listened attentively. Perhaps Miss Tox thought there was hope in this exordium,

took up her scissors bastily, and so coming, at last, son of superior intellect—though I believe some to the plants was very busy with them when Mrs. me so, one so little humored as I am, would very soon be disabused of any such notion: but I trust I am not a downright fool. And to tell Mg. said Mrs. Chick with ineffable disdain, "that my brother Paul Dombey could ever contemplate the possibility of uniting himself to anybody—I don't care who Tox with open arms.

A little stateliness was mingled with Miss Tox's weetest friend's demeanor, but she kissed Miss Tox and said, "Lucretia, thank you, I am pretty well. I hope you are the same. Hem?"

Mrs. Chick was laboring under a peculiar little moneyllable cough; a sort of primer, or easy inspections. "You call very early, and how kind that is. my to be told that I was born and bred an elephant, dear" pursued Miss Tox. "Now, have you break which I may be told next," said Mrs. Chick, with which I may be told next," said Mrs. Chick, with resignation. "It wouldn't surprise me at all.

> In the moment's silence that ensued Miss Tox's scissors gave a feeble clip or two; but Miss Tox s face was still invisible, and Miss Tox's morning gown was agitated. Mrs. Chick looked sideways at her, through the intervening plants; and went on to say, in a tone of bland conviction, and as one dwelling on a point of fact that hardly required to be stated: Therefore, of course my brother Paul has done

"It's nothing." returned Mrs. Chick. "It's what was to be expected of him, and what anybed might have forseen he would do, if he entered
the marri state again. I confess it takes me Of weather?" asked Miss Tox in her simpli-when Paul went out of town I had no id "Of everything," returned Mrs. Chick. "Of when Paul went out of town I had no idea at all that he would form any attachment out of town, and be certainly had no attachment when he left here. However, it seems to be extremely desirable in every point of view. I have no doubt the mother is a most genteel and elegant creature, and I have no fight whatever to dispute the policy of her iving with them: which is Paul's affair, not mine—and as to Paul's choice, herself, I have only seen the trouble itself about such subjects, changes the first proposed all sorts of unexpected things continually. no right whatever to dispute the policy of her living with them: which is Paul's affair, not mine—
and as to Paul's choice, herself, I have only seen
her picture yet, but that is beautiful indeed. Her
name is beautiful too," said Mrs. Chick, shaking
her head with energy, and arranging herself in her
chair: "Edith is at once uncommon, as it strikes
me, and distinguished. Consequently, Lucretia, I
have no doubt you will be happy to hear that the
marriage is to take place immediately—of course. marriage is to take place immediately—of course, you will: "great emphasis again: "and that you you will: great emphasis again: and that y are delighted with this change in the condition

my brother, who has shown you a great deal of pleasant attention at various times.

Miss Tox made no verbal answer, but took up the Miss Tox made no verbal answer, but took up the little watering pot with a trembling hand, and looked vacantly roundas if considering what article of farmiture would be improved by the contents—

**Transport with the very end of her parasol. Miss Tox made no verbal answer, but took up the little watering pot with a trembling hand, and looked vacantly roundas if considering what article of farmiture would be improved by the contents—

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**The room door opening at this crisis of Miss Tox*

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**Schick instantly barst into tears and told with his beots, he bad better do it.

**But with Lucretia Tox I have done." said Mrs.

**Chick after abandoning herself to her feelings for the Major at his window over the way who had

ceremony would be out of the question. There fore—" Therefore Miss Tox finished the sentence, not in words but action, and patting on her gloves again, which she had taken off, and arming herself coupled with his consciousness of being closely know, as Paul is going to be very grand and these again, which she had taken off, and arming herself once more with her scissors, began to saip and clip among the leaves with microscopic industry.

"Florence has returned home also, said Mrs."

"Florence has returned home also, said Mrs."

can be no doubt shout it. I should have very little respect, indeed, for anybody who could advocate a different opinion. Whatever my wishes might be the little watering pot, as if he were a delicate excite (which indeed he was,) and might be almost expected to blow while the gentle rain descended. Miss Tox assented, without being particular as to the intelligibility of the proposition.

"If she's a strange girl," said Mrs. Chick, a tempthrecovering sufficient presence of mind to interpose, commanded him to drop Miss Tox upon the sofa and withdraw, and the exile proposition and the proposition of the sofa and withdraw, and the exile proposition of the proposition of the

terious bond of sisterhood; was visible in Mrs. Chick's demeanor. Rather like the executioner who restores the victim to sensation previous to proceeding with the terture (or was wont to do so, in the good old times for which all true men wear perpetual mourning), did Mrs. Chick administer the smelling bottle, the slapping on the hands, the dashing of cold water on the face, and the other approved remedies. And when, at length, Miss Tox opened her eyes, and gradually became restored to animation and consciousness, Mrs. Chick drew off, as from a criminal, and reversing the precedent of the murdered king of Denmark, regarded her more the murdered king of Denmark, regarded her more

in anger than in sorrow.

"Lucretia!" said Mrs. Chick. "I will not attempt to disguise what I feel. My eyes are open-ed, all at once. I wouldn't had believed this, if a

Tox faltered. "I shall be better presently."
"You will be better presently, Lucretia!" repeated Mrs. Chick, with exceeding scorn. "Do you suppose I am blind!" Do you magine I am in my Second childhood!" No, Lucretia! I am

Miss Tox directed an imploring, belpless kind of ok toward her friend, and put her handkerchief fore her face. "If any one had told me this yesterday," said

Mrs. Chick with majesty, "or even half an hour ago, I should have been tempted, I almost believe, to strike them to the earth. Lucretia Tox, my eyes are opened to you all at once. The scales Mrs Chick cast down an imaginary pair, such as are commonly used in grocer's shops: "have fallen from my sight. The blindness of my confidence is past Lucretia. It was been abused and played

"Oh! to what do you allude so cruelly, my love" asked Miss Tox, through her tears.
"Lucretia," said Mrs. Chick, "ask your own heart. I must entreat you not to address me by any such familiar term as you have just used, if you please. I have some self-respect left, though you may think otherwise." you may think otherwise."

"Oh, Louisa!" cried Miss Tox. "How can you

speak to me like that?"

"How can I speak to you like that?" retorted
Mrs. Chick, who, in default of having any particular
argument to sustain herself upon, relied principally
on such repetitions for her most withering effects.

"Like that?" You may well say like that, indeed?"
Miss Tox solved mixtule. speak to me like that?"

Miss Tox sobbed pittidly.

"The idea!" said Mrs. Chick, "of your having bashed at my brother's fireside, like a serpent, and wound yourself through me, almost into his confidence. Lucretis, that you might, in secret, entertain designs upon him, and dare to aspire to contemplate the probability of the matter himself to zon! When the possibility of his uniting himself to you! Wi with sarcastic di

nity. " the absurdity of which almost relieves its Pray, Louisa, urged Miss Tox. "do not say such dreadful things."

Dreadful things! repeated Mrs. Chick. "Dreadful things! Is it not a fact. Lucretia, that you have just now been unable to command your feelings even

efore me, whose eyes you had so completely closed I"

"I have made no complaint," sobbed Miss Tox.

"I have said nothing. If I have been a little overpowered by your news, Louisa, and have ever had any lingering thought that Mr. Dombey was inclined to be particular toward me, surely you

She is going to say, said Mrs. Chick, address ing herselt to the whole of the furniture, in a com-prehensive glance of resignation and appeal, "She is going to say—I know it—that I have encouraged

"I don't wish to exchange reproaches, dear Louisa." sobbed Miss Tox. "nor do I wish to com-

"There is a point," said Mrs. Chick, rising, not as if she were going to stop at the floor, but as if she were about to soar up, high, into her native skies, beyond which endurance becomes ridiculous, if not calpable. I can bear much, but not too much. What spell was on me when I came into this house this day, I don't know but I had a presentiment—a dark presentiment, said Mrs. Chick, with a shiver, "that something was going to happen. Well may I have had that foreboding. Lucretia when my confidence of many confidence." cretis, when my confidence of many years is stroyed in an instant, when my eyes are opened all at once, and when I find you revealed in your true colors. Lucretta, I have been mistaken in you. It is better for us both that this subject should end to herself in her own poor position. Whatever that osition may be, or may not be—and as the sister f my brother—and as the sister-in law of my ther's wife—and as a connexion by marriage of brother's wife mother—may I be permitted to , as a Dombey !—I can wish you nothing else

These words, delivered with cutting suavity, These words, delivered with cutting suavity, tempered and chastened by a lofty air of moral rectifude, carried the speaker to the door. There she inclined her head in a ghostly and statue like manner, and so withdrew to her carriage, to seek comfort and consolation in the arms of Mr. Chick, her

Figuratively speaking, that is to say; for the arms of Mr. Chick were full of his newspaper.— Neither did that gentleman address his eyes toward his wife otherwise than by stealth. Neither did he Neither did that gentleman address his eyes toward his wife otherwise than by stealth. Neither did he offer any consolation whatever. In short, he sat reading, and humming fag ends of tunes, and some-times glancing furtively at her without delivering himself of a word, good, bad or indifferent.

In the meantime Mrs. Chick sat swelling and lling, and tossing her head, as if she were still repeating that solemn formula of farewell to Lucretia Tox. At length, she said aloud, "Oh the extent
to which her eyes had been opened that day!"

"To which your eyes have been opened, my
dear!" repeated Mr. Chick.

"Oh, don't talk to me!" said Mrs. Chick. "If

you can bear to see me in this state, and not ask tongue forever.

was playing at horses with that dear child who is now in his grave—I never liked it at the time—she should have been hiding such a double-faced de-sign! I wonder she was never afraid that something would happen to her. She is fortunate if

"I really thought, my dear," said Mr. Chick slowly, after rubbing the bridge of his nose for some time with his newspaper, that you had gone

the arms of the person entering; happily, insensine alike of Mrs. Chick's indignant countenance, and of the Msjor at his window over the way, who had his double-barrelled eye-glass in full action, and whose face and figure were dilated with Mephistophilean joy.

Not so the expatriated Native, amazed supporter

"But with Lucretia Tox I have done, said airs, of the chick's great terror." I can bear to resign Paul's confidence in favor of one who, I hope and trust, may be deserving of it, and with whom he has a perfect right to replace poor Fanny if he chooses: I can bear to be informed in Paul's "He is there," said Mrs. Chick, "but pray leave im there. He has his newspaper, and would be tophilean joy.

Not so the expatriated Native, amazed supporter of Miss Tox swooning form, who, coming straight to replace por a whom he has a perfect right to replace por a tophilean joy.

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Not so the expatriated Native, amazed supporter of Miss Tox swooning form, who, coming straight up stairs, with a polite inquiry touching Miss Tox's to be consulted until all is settled and determined: to be consulted until all is settled and determ

between friends like ourselves, any approach to instructions.) had accidentally arrived in the very have done. It is better as it is, said Mrs. Chick.

cycs, and smoothed her lap, and sat as became a person calm under a great wrong. Mr. Chick, feeling his unworthiness no doubt, took an early op-

portunity of being set down at a street corner and walking away, whistling, with his shoulders very much rai ed, and his hands in his pockets.

While poor excommunicated Miss Tox, who, if she were a fawner and tool cater, was at least an bonest snd a constant one, and had ever borne a faithful friendship toward her impeacher, and had been truly absorbed and swallowed up in devotion to the magnificence of Mr. Dembey—while poor excommunicated Miss Tox watered her plants with her tears, and felt that it was Winter in Princess's

The interest before the Marriage.

Although the enchanted house was no more, and the working world had broken into it, and was hammering and crashing and tramping and down stairs all day long, keeping Diogenes in an incessant paroxysm of barking, from subrise to sunset better of bim at last and was then sacking the premises in triumphant defiance—there was at lirst, no other great change in the method of Florence's life. At night, when the workpeople went away, the house was dreary and deserted again, and Florence, listening to their voices echoing through the hall and staircase as they departed, pictored to herself the cheerful homes to which they were returning, and the children who were waiting for them, and was glad to think that they

old friend, but it came now with an altered face, and looked more kindly on her. Fresh hope was in it. The beautiful lady who had soothed and the dark day when a mother's love had faded with her in the twilight and were welcome company. Peeping at the rosy children of her neighbors, it was a new and precious sensation to think that they might soon speak together and know each other when she would not fear, as of old, to show herself before them, lest they should be grieved to see her in her black dress sitting there slone!

Florence for a moment.*

Florence blushingly complied.

In her thoughts of her new mother, and in the ove and trust overflowing her pure heart toward mother, "what you were when you were about the earne age as our exceedingly precious Florence, or more. She had no fear of setting up a rival in her a few years younger breast. The new flower sprang from the deep "I have long forgotten, mother. more. She had no lear of setting up a rival in her-breast. The new flower sprang from the deep-planted and long cherished root, she knew. Every gentle word that had fallen from the lips of the beautiful lady, sounded to Florence like an echo of the voice long hished and silent. How could she love that memory less for living tenderness, when it was her memory of all parental tenderness and love.

Florence was, one day, sitting reading in her visit soon-for her book turned on a kindred sub

But very soon to be," cried Florence

"Very soon now, Florence: very soon."
Edith bent her head a little, so as to press the looming cheek of Florence, against her own, and or some few moments remained thus silent. There was something so very tender in her manner, that Forence was even more sensible of it than on the lirst occasion of their meeting. She led Florence to a chair beside her, and sat

don't mind it at all. Di and I pass whole days to

My doz. mamma

We must have them improved. Florence, or shall be made the prettiest in the house." If I might change them, mamma, "returned Flores, "there is one up stairs I should like much

'ls this not high enough, dear girl ?' asked

Edith, smiling.

The other was my brother's room," said FloThe other was my brother's room," said Florence, " and I am very fond of it. I would have spoken to papa about it when I came home, and found the workmen here, and everything changing:

at—"
Florence dropped her eyes, lest the same look

should make her falter again.

— but I was afraid it might distress him; and as you said you would be here again soon. Mams, and are the mistress of everything, I determined to

Edith sat looking at her, and with her brilliant eyes intent upon her face, until Florence raising ther own, she, in turn, withdrew her gaze, and turned it on the ground. It was then that Florence thrilled through the whole frame of his child. ner own, she, in turn, withdrew her gaze, and turned it on the ground. It was then that Florence thought how different this lady's beauty was, from what she had supposed. She had thought it of a proud and lofty kind; yet her manner was so sub-dued and gentle, that if she had been of Florence's

with age and character is saidly become with the confidence more.

Except when a constrained and singular reserve crept over her; and then she seemed (but Florence hardly understood this, though she could not choose but notice it, and think about it as if she were humbled before Florence, and ill at ease.—

When she had said that she was nother mamma yet, the property of the posterior of the country of the c and when Florence had called her the mistress of everything there, this change in her was quick and

starting; and now, while the eyes of Florence rested on her face, she sat as though she would have shrunk and hidden from her, rather than as one about to love and cherish her, in right of such a near connexion.

She gave Florence her ready promise, about her new room, and said she would give her directions about it herself. She then asked some questions concerning poor Paul, and when they had sat in conversation for some time, told Florence she had come to take her to her own home.

"We have come to London now, my mother and I, said Edith," and you shall stay with us until I am married. I wish that we should know and trustent of the ready of the finance had been than they were much alone, and speaking in a lower woice, "that when I am married, and have gone away for some weeks, I shall be easier at heart if you will come home here. No matter who invites you to stay elsewhere. Come home bere. It is better to be alone than—what I would say is, "she added, checking herself, "that I know well you are best at home, dear Florence."

I will come home on the very day, mamma.

Do so. I rely on that promise. Now, prepare to come with me, dear girl, You will find me down stairs when you are ready."

This was addressed to one of the very tall young

stairs when you are ready.

Slowly and thoughtfully did Edith wander alone through the mansion of which she was so soon to be the lady; and little heed took she of all the elegance and spiendor it began to display. The same inand spiendor it began to display. The same proud scorn expressed in eye and lip, the same fierce beauty, only tamed by a sense of its own little worth and of the little worth of everything around it went through the grand salcons and halls, that had went through the grand saloors and halls, that had got loose among the shady trees, and raged and rent themselves. The mimic roses on the wal and floors were set round with sharp thorus, that tore her breast; in every scrap of gold so dazzling to the eye, she saw some hateful atom of her purchasemoney, the broad high mirrors showed her, at full length, a woman with a noble quality yet dwelling the top the state of the purchase to be a state of the purchase that is the state of the purchase. in her nature, who was too false to her better self, and too debased and lost, to save herself. She believed that all this was so plain more or less, to all eyes, that she had no recourse or power of self-assertion but in pride; and with this pride, which to sertion but in pride; and with this pride, which to the service of the service of the fourth better the self-assertion but in pride; and day, he fourth better the self-assertion but in pride; and the self-assertion but in pride; and

Wasthisthe woman whom Florence-an innocent entertainment of the other very tall young man on girl, strong only in her earnestness and simple hire as the couple turned into truth—could so impress and quell, that by her side Florence and Edith were a she was another creature, with her tempest of passion hushed, and her pride itself subdued? Was this the woman who now sat beside her in a carriage, with their arms entwined, and who, while and Mr. Dombey took an opposite place at the round that the country of she courted and entreated her to love and trust her, table. drew her fair head to nestle on her breast, and would have laid down life to shield it from wrong or harm?

Oh, Edith! it were well to die, indeed, at such a tears, far less dared to speak; and Edith never ut-

time! Better and happier far, perhaps, to die so, Edith, than to live on to the end! The Honorable Mrs. Skewton, who was think-

ing of anything rather than of such sentimentsing of anything rather than of such sentiments for, like many genteel persons who have existed at various times, she set her face against death altogether, and objected to the mention of any such low and levelling upstart—had borrowed a house in Brook-street, Grosvenor square, from a stately rehandsomest manner, for nuptial purposes, as the loan implied his final release and acquittance from all farther loans and gifts to Mrs. Skewton and her all farther loans and gifts to Mrs. Skewton and her daughter. It being necessary for the credit of the family to make a handsome appearance at such a time, Mrs. Skewton, with the assistance of an accommodating tradesman resident in the parish of Mary le bone, who lent out all sorts of articles to the nobility and gentry, from a service of plate to an army of footness, claused by the head of the process of the control of the days, when the process of the control of the days, when the process of the credit of the said like a handsome statue; as cold, as sident, and as still.

"My dearest love," said Cleopatra, "do you hear what Mr. Dombey says! Ah, my dear Dombey!" and gentleman, "How her absence, as the time approaches, reminds me of the days, when headed butler (who was charged extra on that account, as having the spearance of an ancient family retainer,) two very tall young men in livery, and a select staff of kitchen servants; so that a legend arose, down stairs, that Withers the page, released at once from his numerous household duties, and from the propulsion of the wheeled-chair (inconsistent with the metropolis), had been several times the country to the history of the whole misdoubted his having overslept himself at the Leanington milkman s, and being still in a celestial dream. A variety of requisites in plate and china being also conveyed to the same establishment from the same convenient source, with several miscellaneous articles, including a neat chariot and a

pair of pays, airs. Saewton cusmoned nerself on the principal sofa, in the Cleopatra attitude, and held her court in fair state. "And how," said Mrs. Skewton, on the entrance of her daughter and her charge, "is my charming Florence?" You must come and kiss me. Florence, you must really come and kiss me once more,

Florence? You must come and kiss me. Florence, if you please, my love."
Florence was timidly stooping to pick out a place in the white part of Mrs. Skewton's face, when the lady presented her ear, and relieved her of her difficulty.

"Edith, my dear." said Mrs. Skewton, "positively, I—stand a little more in the light, my sweetest Florence, for a moment.

Florence blushingly complied.

"You do n't rensember, dearest Edith," said her mother, "what you were when you were about the same age as our exceedingly precious Florence, or

pair of bays. Mrs. Skewton cushioned herself on the

"I have long forgotten, mother."

For positively, my dear," said Mrs. Skewton,
"I do think that I see a decided resemblance to
what you were then, in our extremely fascinating
young friend. And it shows," said Mrs. Skewton,
in a lower voice, which conveyed her opinion that
Florence was in a very unfinished state, "what
cultivation will do:

ultivation will do.

"It does, indeed," was Edith's stern reply. Her mother eyed her sharply for a moment, and feeling herself on unsafe ground, said, as a diver-

Mamma! cried Florence, joyfully meeting her. me once more, if you please, my love. Florence complied, of course, and again imprint-

"Come again!"

Not mamma yet." returned the lady, with a serious smile, as she encircled Florence's neck with a serious smile, as she encircled Florence's neck with lar sem.

Florence compiled, of course, and again in proceedings of the lips on Mrs. Skewton's ear.

"And you have heard, no doubt, my darling pet," said Mrs. Skewton detaining her hand, "that your large and dote upon. papa, whom we all perfectly adore and dote up is to be married to my dearest Edith this d

"I knew it would be very soon," returned Florence, "but not exactly when."

"My darling Edith, urged her mother, gaily, "is it possible you have not told Florence !"

"Why should I tell Florence !" she returned, so suddenly and harshly, that Florence could scarce believe it was the same voice.

"I knew it would be very soon," returned Florence and the florence and the florence and the florence and the florence in the same voice.

"I knew it would be very soon," returned Florence and the florenc

She led Florence to a chair beside her, and sat down: Florence looking in her face, quite wondering at its beauty, and willingly leaving her hand in hers.

Mrs. Skewton then told Florence, as another and sair diversion, that her father was coming to dinner, and that he would no doubt be charmingly surprised to see her; as he had spoken last flight of dressing in the city, and had known nothing of Edith's design, the execution of which, according to Mrs. Skewton's execution of which, according to Mrs. Skew breathless, and alone, rather than incur the risk of ther as a fore-doomed difficulty and disappointment

As the time drew nearer, she could hardly bis way, and might again; could come back again if she were summoned to his presence. In this conflict of her fears, she was sitting by Cleopatra's couch, endeavoring to understand and to reply to the bald discourse of that lady, when she heard his foot upon the stair.

"I hear him now!" cried Florence, starting.

He is coming?

Cleopatra, who in her juvenility was always playfully disposed, and who in her self-engrossment did not trouble herself about the nature of this agitation, pushed Florence behind her couch, and dropped a shawl over, preparatory to giving Mr. Dombey a rapture of surprise. It was so quickly done, that in a moment Florence beard his awful step is the room.

intended bride. The strange sound of his voice thrilled through the whole frame of his child. "My dear Dombey," said Cleopatra, " come here

"At home!" said Mr. Dombey
"My dear Dombey, returned Cleopatra, with
bewitching vivacity, "now are you sure you are
not deceiving me!" I don't know what my dearest not deceiving me.

Edith will say to me when I make such a declaration, but upon my bonor I am afraid you are the
falsest of men, my dear Dombey."

Though he had been ; and had been detected, on the spot, in the most enormous falsehood that was ever said or done; he could hardly have been more disconcerted than he was, when Mrs. Skewton

shouldn't tell these things; your sex, my dear Dombey, are so vain, and so apt to abuse our weak nesses; but, you know my open soul—very well, immediately.

This was addressed to one of the very tall young men who announced dinner.

But Edith, my dear Dombey, "she continued in a whisper," when she cannot have you near hermand as I tell her, she cannot expect that always—will at least have near her something or somebody belonging to you. Well, how extremely natural that is! And in Mr. Dombey. Edith was and Mr. Dombey. Edith was at her open window looking out into the street; Mr. Dombey and Cleopatra were talking softly on fatigued, had gone to bed.

"My dear Dombey," said Cleopatra. "you will leave me florence to-morrow, when you deprive me of my sweetest Edith.

Mr. Dombey said he would, with pleasure.

"To have her about me, here, while you are both at Paris, and to think that at her age, I am assisting in the formation of her mind, my dear Dombey." and as I tell her, she cannot expect that always
will at least have near her something or somebody
belonging to you. Well, how extremely natural
that is! And in this spirit, nothing would keep
her from riding off to day to fetch our darling Florence. Well, how excessively charming that is!"
As she waited for an answer, Mr. Dombey an-

Bless you. my dear Dombey, for that proof of heart!" cried Cleopatrs, squeezing his hand. "But I am growing too serious! Take me down stairs like an angel, and let us see what these people in-tend to give us for dinner. Bless you, dear Dom-

bey!"

Cleopatra skipping off her couch with tolerable briskness, after the last benediction Mr. Dombey down took her arm in his and led her ceremoniously down stairs; one of the very tall young men on hire, whose organ of veneration was imperfectly developed, thrusting his tongue into his cheek for the dam!" said Mr. Dombey.

Tence in such admirable guardianship, "My dear Dombey, returned Cleopatra, "a thousand thanks for your good opinion. I feared you were going, with malice aforethought, as the dreadful lawyers say—those herrid process—to condemn me to utter solitude.

Why do me so great an injustice, my dear majorethought, as the dreadful lawyers say—those herrid process—to condemn me to utter solitude.

Why does no better the last benediction Mr. Dombey.

FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.

Florence and Edith were already there, and sit-

ing. It flattered him to think how these deferred

she expected to recover permanently to morrow were that lady, Edith, and Mr. Dombey. Edit

ing in the formation of her mind, my dear Dombey," said Cleopatra, "will be a perfect balm to me in the extremely shattered state to which I shall be

Edith turned her head suddenly. Her listless

manner was exchanged, in a moment, to one of burning interest, and, unseen in the darkness, she

attended closely to their conversation.

Mr. Dombey would be delighted to leave Flo-

rence in such admirable guardianship.
"My dear Dombey," returned Cleopatra, "a

WHOLE NO. 1953.

"Because my charming Florence tells me so positively she must go home to morrow," returned Cleopatra, "that I began to be afraid, my dearest
Dombey, you were quite a Bashaw."

"I assure you, masam!" said Mr. Dombey, "I
have laid no commands on Florence, and if I had,
there are no commands like your wish."

"My dear Dombey," replied Cleopatra, "what
a courtier you are! Though I'll not say so either,
for courtiers have no heart, and yours pervades
your charming life and character. And are you
really going so early, my dear Dombey!"

Oh, indeed! it was late, and Mr. Dombey feared
he must.

Ch. indeed! It was late, and Mr. Dombey feared he must.

"Is this a fact, or is it all a dream!" lisped Cleopatra. "Can I believe, my dearest Dombey, that that you are coming back to morrow morning to deprive me of my sweetcompanion; my own Edith!"

Mr. Dombey, who was accestomed to take things literally, reminded Mrs. Skewton that they were to meet first at the courch.

"The pang," said Mrs. Skewton, "of consigning a child, even to you, my dear Dombey, is one of the most exernciating imaginable and combined with a naturally delicate constitution, and the extreme stupidity of the pastry cook who has undertaken the breakfast, is almost too much for my porstrength. But I shall rally, my dear Dombey, in the morning; do not fear for me, or be uneasy on my account. Heaven bless you! My dearest Edith!" she cried archly. "Somebody is going, pet." tered one word, unless in answer to a question. Verily, Cleopatra worked hard, for the establishment that was so nearly clutched; and verily it should have been a rich one to reward her!

anould have been a rich one to reward her!

And so your preparations are nearly fluished at
last, my dear Dombey!" said Cleopatra, when the
dessert was put upon the table, and the silverheaded butler had withdrawn. "Even the lawpet."
Edith, who had turned her head again toward the yers preparations?

"Yes madam," replied Mr. Dombey, "the deed of settlement, the professional gentlemen inform me, is now ready, and as I was mentioning to you. Edith has only to do us the favor to suggest her own time for its execution."

appeared her maid, with the juvenile dress that was to delude the world to-morrow. The dress had savage retribution in it as such dresses ever have, and made her infinitely older and more hide. your situation!"
"I bave nothing to suggest. It shall be when

cards.

All this time Edith remained at the dark window looking out into the street. When she and her mother were at last left alone, she moved from it for the first time that evening, and came opposite to her. The yawning, shaking, peevish figure of the mother, with her eyes raised to confront the proud, erect form of the daughter, whose glance of fire was bent downward upon her, had a conscious air upon it, that yo layity or temper could conceal. ble state of flurry all day long, and have a thousand and one appointments with all sorts of tradespeo-They are of your making," returned Edith,

it, that no levity or temper could conceal.

"I am tired to death," said she. "You can't be trusted for a moment. You are worse than a child. Child! No child would be haif so obstinate and un

until I return."
"Must remain alone here. Edith, until you re

turn!" repeated her mother.
" Or in that name upon which I shall call to-morrow to witness what I do, so falsely, and so shamefully. I swear I will refuse the hand of this manin

The mother answered with a look of quiez alarm, in no degree diminished by the look she met.

"It is enough," said Edith, steadily, "that we are what we are. I will have no youth and truth dragged down to my level. I will have no guileless nature undermined, corrupted, and perverted, to amuse the leisure of a world of mothers. You know my meaning. Florence must go home."

"You are an idiot, Edith," cried her angry mo-

in that house." said her daughter, "and you know of scant and gloomy state that pervaded the room in color a dark brown, with black hatchments of pictures blotching the walls, and twenty four black And am I to be told to-night, after all my pains

asty paie, and pointing to the window." more than once when I have been sitting there, and something in the faded likeness of my sex has wandered past outside; and God knows I have met with my reply. Oh, mother! mother! if you had but left me to my natural heart when I too was a girl—a younger girl than Florence—how different I might have been!" seldom agreed long with a member of the Feenix family; and the room had gradually put itself into

Sensible that any show of anger was useless here, her mother restrained herself, and tell a whimp-ering, and bewailed that she had lived too long, and that her only child had cast her off, and that daty toward parents was forgotton in these evil days, and that she had heard unnatural taunts, and cared

fully "the time for mutual reproaches is past."
"Then why do you revive it ?" whimpered her
mother. "You know that you are lacerating me in
the quallest manner. You know how sensitive I

be maintained in his new relations, he best knew. Indifferently well, perhaps, at best, for marriage company and marriage altars, and ambitious scenes sobbed and rubbed her eyes; and said in the same low steady voice, which had neither risen nor fallen since she first addressed her, " I have said

fallen since she first addressed her, "I have said that Florence must go home."

"Let her go!" cried the afflicted and affrighted parent, hastily. "I am sure I am willing she should go. What is the girl to me!"

"She is so much to me, that rather than communicate, or suffer to be communicated to her, one grain of the evil that is my breast, mother, I would renounce you, as I would (if you gave me cause) renounce him in the church to-morrow," replied Edith. "Leave her alone. She shall not, while I can interpose, be tampered with and tainted by the lessons I have learned. This is no hard condition on this bitter night." pairs being very anxious to keep fier close to her-self.) or Fiorence touched the piano softly for Mrs. Skewton's delight to make no mention of a few occasions in the course of the evening, when that affectionate lady was impelled to solicit another lies and which leaves the solicit another affectionate lady was impelled to solicit another kiss, and which always happened after Edith had

kiss, and which always happened after Edith had said anything. They were not many however, for Edith sat apart by an open window during the whole time (in spite of her mother's fears that she would take cold.) and remained there until Mr. Dombey took leave. He was screenely gracious to Florence when he did so, and Florence went to bed in a room within Edith's, so happy and hopeful, on this bitter night."

"If you had proposed it in a filial manner, Edith"
whined her mother, "perhaps not; very likely not.
But such extremely cutting words—"
"They are past and at an end between us, now," said Edith. "Take your own way, mother; share as you please in what you have gained; spend, enjoy, make much of it, and he was proposed." that she thought of her late self as if it were some other poor deserted girl who was to be pitied for her sorrow; and in her pity, sobbed herself to sleep.

other poor deserted girl who was to be pitied for her sorrow, and in her pity, sobbed herself to sleep.

The week fled fast. There were drives to milliners, dress makers, jewelers, lawyers florists, pastry cooks; and Florence was always of the party. Florence was to go to the wedding. Florence was to cast off her mourning, and to wear a brilliant dress on the occasion. The milliner sintentions on the subject of this dress—the milliner was a French-woman, and greatly resembled Mrs. Skewton—were so chaste and elegant, that Mrs. Skewton—were so chaste and elegant, that Mrs. Skewton—bespoke one like it for herself. The milliner said it would become her to admiration, and that all the world would take her for the young lady's sister.

The week fled faster. Edith looked at nothing and cared for nothing. Her rich dresses came home, and were tried on, and were loudly commended by Mrs. Skewton and the milliners, and were put away without a word from her. Mrs. Skewton made their plans for every day and executed them—left from its companionship. Thus, in the dead time of the night before her bridal. Edith Granger

avoid the sight of her own fair person, and divorce
herself from its companionship. Thus, in the dead
time of the night before her bridal. Edith Granger
wrestled with her unquiet spirit, tearless, friendless, silent, proud, and uncomplaining.
At length it happened that she touched the open
door which led into the rooom where Florence lay.
She started, stopped, and looked in.
A light was burning there, and showed her Florence in her bloom of innocence and beauty, fast
asleep. Edith held her breath, and felt herself
drawn on toward her. as if she had no concern in it. Florence might per-haps have thought she was haughty and listless,

haps have thought she was haughty and natical, but that she was never so to her. So Florence quenched her wonder in her gratitude whenever it broke out, and soon subdued it.

The week fled faster. It had nearly winged its flight away. The last night of the week, the night so near, that stooping down, she pressed her lips to the gentle hand that lay outside the bed, and put it before the marriage, was come. In the dark room

for Mrs. Skewton's head was no better yet, though softly to her neck. Its touch was like the prophet's rod of old, upon the rock. Her tears sprung forth beneath it, as she sunk upon her knees, and laid her aching head and streaming hair upon the pillow by its side. Thus Edith Granger passed the night before her

Beneral Monces.

FOWLERS & WELLS, 131 Nassau-st. N. Y.

TO LOLD PEN MAKERS-For sain, a complete

Edith, who had turned her head again toward the window, and whose interest in their conversation had ceased, rose up in her place, but made no advance toward him, and said nothing. Mr. Dombey, with a lofty gallantry adapted to his dignity and the occasion, betook his creaking boots toward her, put her hand to his lips, said. "To morrow morning I shall have the happiness of claiming this hand ras Mrs. Dombey's." and bowed himself solemnly out.

Mrs. Skewton rang for candles as soon as the house door had closed upon him. With the candles are not as the house door had closed upon him.

oss than her greasy flannel gown. But Mrs. Skew-ton tried it on with mincing satisfaction, smirked at her cadaverous self in the glass, as she thought of its killing effect upon the Major; and suffering her maid to take it off again, and to prepare her for repose, tumbled into ruins like a bouse of painted "I have nothing to suggest. It shall be when you please, "and Edith, scarcely looking over the table at Mr. Dombey.

"To-morrow!" suggested Mr. Dombey.

"I you please.
"Or would next day," said Mr. Dombey, "suit your engagements better!"

"I have no engagements. I am always at your disposal. Let it be when you like."

"No engagements my dear Edith!" remonstrated her mother, "when you are in a most terrible state of flurry all day long, and have a thousand

"Listen to me, mother," returned Edith, passing these words by with a scorn that would not descen o trifle with them. "You must remain alone her

the Church. If I do not, may I fall dead upon the pavement!"
The mother answered with a look of quick alarm.

ing. It flattered him to think how these deferred to him, in Edith's case, and seemed to have no will apart from his. It flattered him to picture to himself, this proud and stately woman doing the bonors of his house, and chilling his guests arter his own manner. The dignity of Dombey and Son would be heightened and maintained, indeed, in such bands. So thought Mr. Dombey, when he was left alone at the dining-table, and mused upon his past and future fortunes, finding no uncongeniality in an air of scant and gloomy state that pervaded the room. ther. "Do you expect there can ever be peace for you in that house, till she is married, and away?" "Ask me, or ask yourself, if I ever expect peace

and labor, and when you are going, through me, to be rendered independent," her mother almost shricked in her passion, while her palsied head shook like a leaf. "that there is corruption and conhairs, with almost as many nails in them as so many coffins, waiting like mutes, upon the threshold of the Turkey carpet and two exhausted ne groes holding up two withered branches of candela tagion in me, and that I am not fit company for a girl! What are you, pray! What are you?"

I have put the question to myself," said Edith, asby pale, and pointing to the window, "more than bra on the side board, and a musty smell prevailing

Sensible that any show of anger was useless

and that she had heard unnatural taunts, and cared for life no longer.

"If one is to go on living through continual scenes like this," she whined, "I am sure it would be much better for me to think of some means of putting an end to my existence. Oh! the idea of your being my daughter. Edith, and addressing me in such a strain!"

"Between us, mother," returned Edith, mourn-

To make your mother a fright upon you wedding day!"
Edith beat the same fixed look upon her, as she

company and marriage altars, and ambitious scenes—still blotted here and there with Florence—always Florence—turned up so fast, and so confusedly, that he rose, and went up stairs to escape them.
It was quite late at night before candles were
brought, for at present they made Mrs. Skewton's
head gohe, she complained; and in the meantime
Florence and Mrs. Skewton talked together (Cleopatra being very anxious to keep her close to herself,) or Florence touched the piano softly for Mrs.

enjoy, make much of it; and be as happy as you will. The object of our lives is won. Henceforth

their plans for every day and executed them.— Sometimes Edith sat in the carriage when they went te make purchases; sometimes, when it was absolutely necessary, she went into the shops. But Mrs. Skewton conducted the whole business, what-ever it happened to be; and Edith looked on as un-

drawn on toward her.

Drawn nearer, nearer yet; at last, drawn

bridal. Thus the sun found her on her bridal morning. [Concluded to morrow. PHRENOLOGISTS AND PUBLISHERS.

The Water-Cur Establishment, 47 Bondst N. Y. and Syosed, (Oyster Bay,) L. 1. Dr. Sazw, the earliest American practitioner and author on Water-Curs, received patients as shove. Those as a distance may, by sending a fee, be advanced for a treatment at home.

De Notice,—A meeting of the stockholders of the North-west Copper Mining Company will be held on Wednesday, the 4th of August sext, at 44 Hanoverst at 11 of clock, A. M. By order.

D. S. HART, Secreary.

1912 2aw2w

J. D. WHEELER,
13° Commissioner for the States of New-York
13° Commissioner for the States of New-York
mi V